

The Team by flippyspoon

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- Freeform

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Summary:

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The other handcuff was restraining Steve.

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The monsters were coming.

The Team

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"I got it!" Billy insisted, and grabbed the bat.

Hopper and Nancy and Eleven were on the way.

The monsters were going to beat them.

Steve knew this and he yanked on the cuffs, trying to sum up the will to break his wrist.

"HARGROVE, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

They came and Billy had mercifully left the keys in the car. Steve fumbled with shaking fingers, and it was awkward the way Billy had cuffed him, but he started up the car and plowed a demogorgon and then a tree, the lurch making him bang his head hard on the dash. He backed up again and watched two demogorgons come at Billy.

"NO!"

There was a dry storm and a clap of thunder muted Steve's scream when a demogorgon threw Billy against a boulder like a ragdoll.

They're here, they're here.

BILLY.

Steve screamed again and pressed the gas.

Steve jiggled his leg and the doctor gave him yet another dirty look.

"You don't hold still," the doctor said, "and I can't get this splint right and you can't leave."

"Yeah, sorry," Steve mumbled, his eyes still fixed on the curtain separating him from Billy lying on a gurney.

"He's alive right?" Steve said for the third time, nodding to the curtain. "They said he's alive?"

He was still in a little bit of shock or the horror of having to ask that question might have hit him.

"That kid? Yeah. Pretty banged up. He's not conscious though."

"Motherfucker," Steve muttered.

“Excuse me?”

“Sorry.”

The doctor finished up with his splint and the three butterfly bandages on Steve’s forehead, though Steve’s entire face ached. When she was done he jumped up and threw back the curtain. Billy lay on the gurney, face beat up like he’d just gone a few rounds with, well, himself. His leg was in a cast. Steve had heard something about broken ribs. But he was breathing.

The son of a bitch was breathing.

Steve glared down at him. “Motherfucker.”

Steve saw Billy’s lips twitch and he said, sounding husky and a little drugged, “You rang?”

“What the hell were you thinking!” Steve exploded. He spun around, running a hand through his hair. “You ever pull that shit again...! You fucking... GODDAMMIT!”

“Chill, Harrington,” Billy whispered, blinking up at him with one eye, the other swollen shut.

“No, I won’t chill!” Steve said. “You think you’re invincible or something? You gotta death wish? Is that it! Asshole!”

“We’re alive.”

“If Hopper had shown up a second later, you’d be dead, you fucking idiot!”

“You’d have gotten away,” Billy said. Steve saw him attempt to shrug and then wince with pain.

“Me!” Steve threw his head back. “Fuck you! What about you!”

“I...can’t... Don’t want you hurt again,” Billy said.

“Again?” Steve shook his head. “What-”

“The fight. Our fight. The Byers.”

“The fight?” Steve slumped down on a stool beside the gurney. “Billy, that was forever ago. It doesn’t-”

“Don’t want you hurt again,” Billy mumbled, and Steve saw a tear slide down his cheek.

Steve could have laughed and maybe it was because he was so tired and yet so wired up. He sank his head into his hands. “I...appreciate that. But we’re friends now okay? We’re a team. You don’t pull that shit. I don’t want you hurt either.”

“But-”

“No buts!” Steve said, head snapping up again. Fucking stubborn Billy Hargrove. “You don’t do that okay? Or you’re fuckin’...benched. That’s it! You don’t trap me so I have to watch you... so I can’t help

and I'm just..." He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to will tears not to fall. "Thought I was watching you be killed, you could've... You can't die okay? You can't do that! Please." He grabbed Billy's hand, one small mercifully uninjured part of him. "Please, please don't do that." "Steve..."

"Please don't do that, you can't..." Steve said, and suddenly he was kissing Billy's palm and he heard Billy's breath hitch, his fingers tangling with Steve's, his thumb stroking Steve's chin. "You can't do that to me."

"Okay."

"Promise me, asshole. You understand?"

"Yeah," Billy said. "I understand."

"So we're clear," Steve said, wetting Billy's hand with his tears. He kissed Billy's wrist.

"Sweetheart," Billy said, and watched Steve kiss the tips of his fingers with something like awe. "I love you too."